

The Musical World.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC, a new work; being Three Essays which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD. By JOSEPH GODDARD. Readers of the MUSICAL WORLD and the Public, wishing to encourage the publication of the above, may do so by forwarding their names to Mr. J. GODDARD, 3 St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Square, N.W. Price 6s. For further particulars, see the MUSICAL WORLD of Dec. 15th, 1860.

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ASHDOWN AND PARRY

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Reviews.

"*The Knights of the Cross*"—words by J. F. WALTER, music by CHARLES OBERTHUR (author)—is a very good trio for soprano, tenor and bass, with the advantage, too, of a German version of the text (by Dr. H. J. Marc), which will be specially acceptable to (German) purchasers. Herr Oberthur is evidently a disciple of the Spohr school of harmony, and (as may be seen in the third bar) admires Mendelssohn's two-part song, "Oh, would that my love could silently flow." His taste is commendable.

"*The Erl King's Kiss*"—words by E. FITZBALL, music by JULES BENEDICT (Boosey and Sons)—is a composition full of passion, dramatic sentiment and vigorous harmony. A German version of the text, however, would be specially acceptable to (English) purchasers, desirous of understanding the vernacular of Mr. Fitzball, who tells us (among other matters) that

"The Erl King hath come with snow-blanch'd hair."

From among several miscellaneous rhetorical flowers or flourishes, dedicated to the grimly wood-fiend's victim, the following, *inter alia*, are worth unearthing:—

"Her blue eye is clos'd to the moon's cold beam,
Her loose hair is lock'd in the frozen stream,
Her brow is wreath'd with mortal pain,
Like one that hath struggl'd and cried in vain," &c.

The pith of the story is that her "false craven lover" having left her "unsought 'neath their trysting-tree," the Erl king takes his place and gives her a kiss, whereby she straightway becomes his "daughter" (Lady—King?) The catastrophe is recorded by Mr. Fitzball in verse not easy to measure:—

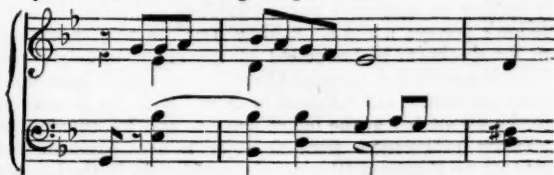
"They've cover'd her over with cloth of pall,
They've carried her home to her father's hall,
They've braided the dark cypress round her hair,
The Erl king hath kiss'd her, the maiden is dead."

"Dead" is a bold rhyme to "hair."

"*Autumn Leaves, why should ye perish?*"—words by C. R. BROWN, music by T. M. MUDIE (Wood, Edinburgh; J. Muir Wood, Glasgow); "*Far, far away*" Ditto; (same publisher); "*The Young Pilgrim*,"—words by VEITCH, music by T. M. MUDIE (R. Mills), are charming songs all three (lying in each instance within the compass of ordinary voices)—the poetry admirably read, the melody graceful and unaffected, the accompaniment neat and finished to a degree. Our choice among the three, if compelled to adventure a preference, would be given to "*Far, far away*," the expressive elegance of which is still further enhanced by the interesting variety which Mr. Mudie has thrown into the accompaniment; though, probably, its companions ("*The Young Pilgrim*" especially) in the matter of "*recherche*" harmony and modulation would (by musicians) be awarded the palm. How is it that none of Mr. Mudie's songs are ever heard at the Monday Popular Concerts?

"*Pour les Attrails*"—by W. KUHE (Hopwood and Crewe).—Herr Kuhe styles this pretty and well-written piece, "*villanelle, transcrit pour le piano*," from which we are led to suppose the melody upon which it has been constructed is not of his own invention. The arpeggios of the introduction may induce amateurs to look for the willow-song in Rossini's *Otello*; but they will look in vain. Nevertheless, that the clever German pianist has laid hold of an attractive theme for his "*villanelle*" (which, appearing at the beginning of the new year, might more appropriately, and perhaps

more intelligibly, have been entitled *Pour les Etrennes*"), a very brief extract is enough to prove:—



On the other hand, if not his own subject, why has HERR KUHE withheld the name of the composer? Why did he not remember *not* to forget (to be plain) that the composer of the opera of *Marie Stuart* was one Niedermeyer? The tune of "*Auld lang syne*," in the major key, at once conjures up the remembrance of this same Niedermeyer's most popular effort—his terribly hacknied "*villanelle*," which Herr Kuhe's publishers—

Not Herr Kuhe
We are sure—

(as good a rhyme as hair and dead) would seem to desire should pass for Herr Kuhe's, instead of this same Niedermeyer's. *Fi donc!*

"*Buckley's American Melodies*"—composed and arranged for the pianoforte by FREDERICK BUCKLEY (Hopwood and Crewe).—Of these we have received seven—viz., "*The lily was the only flower*," "*Our youthful days have vanished*," "*The Queen of the Dell*," "*I'd choose to be a daisy*," "*The grave of little Bell*," "*Ella Leene*," and "*Where are my schoolmates gone?*"—the salient characteristics of one and all of which have been sufficiently acknowledged by the public to spare us the task of describing them. All we need add is that, in their way, they fully merit the favour they have met with; that a prettier tune than "*Ella Leene*," a more graceful (and vocal) one than "*Our youthful days have vanished*" (which has genuine sentiment, unaccompanied by the faintest hint at maudlin), a merrier one than "*The Queen of the Dell*," or, in a certain sense, a more original and piquant one than "*The grave of little Bell*" could not be desired; and that (a golden recommendation) whether as regards the pianoforte accompaniments, or the arrangement of the voice-parts in the choral refrains, Mr. Frederick Buckley has afforded clear evidence of the fact that he is a musician of taste as well as acquirement.

"*Come then, John, the Soldier Band*," words by D. CARTER, music by W. T. BELCHER (Belcher, Birmingham; Jewell, London). "*The Rainy Day*," words by H. W. LONGFELLOW, music by "MINA" (Simpson). "*A Friend in time of Need*," words by ADOLPHUS J. MANSFIELD, music by EDWARD CLARE (ditto). "*Dred, the Slave Prophet of the Dismal Swamp*," descriptive scene, words by H. W. LONGFELLOW, music by PROFESSOR CLARE (ditto). "*Nelly New*," negro song, words and music by PROFESSOR CLARE (ditto). "*Poor Jumbo is dead*" (songs of the coloured opera troupe); "*We parted in the Corn-fields*" ("Ballads of the Ohio Minstrels");—edited by PROFESSOR CLARE (Holder-ness). "*Serenade Fantasia*" ("Come into the garden, Maude"—pianoforte, by F. BEYER), ditto. Also, Simpson. "*Grand March, dedicated to the Glasgow Rifle Corps*," JOHN FLETCHER (Wood and J. M. Wood, Edinburgh and Glasgow).

Little more is necessary than to acknowledge the receipt of the above vocal and instrumental pieces. Mr. Belcher's song is energetic but commonplace. "Mina" has found a graceful, if not over fresh melody, for Professor Longfellow's

'*Rainy Day*,' in which the "common fate of all" is so epigrammatically embodied. Professor Clare's music to "*Dred*" is neither so attractive nor so finished as Professor Longfellow's poetry; nor is his "*Nelly New*" so new or so racy as the specimens he has edited of the nigger-melody of the Ohio Minstrels and coloured Opera Troupe; while least of all prepossessing, is his "*Friend in Need*," with its E natural in the second bar at the top of page 3, and its equally unpleasant progression from D major to the dominant flat seventh on F natural (the melody considered), in the last bar of the third line, same page. The "*Grand Glasgow Rifle March*" of Mr. John Fulcher, may be dismissed with much the same criticism as we have already applied to Mr. Belcher's martial song.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

PIANOFORTE.

ERGMANN.—A Rondo Appassionato.
FIELD, J.—Six Nocturnes.
KULLAK, T.—Les Arpèges.
LISZT, F.—March from "*Tannhäuser*."
SCHUBERT, F.—Impromptu in B flat.
Ditto ditto E flat.
SILAS, E.—Tarentelle.

ANDREWS (Manchester).

VOCAL.

ANDREWS, R.—"A happy Christmas."
"Gentle maids in time beware."
"The Christmas Hymn."
"Thee will I love."
"The Hymn for Christmas."
"Therefore with angels."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

PIANOFORTE.

ADELBERG, L.—"La Mazurka."
PURKISS, J.—"The O. D. C. Polka."
RICHARDS, B.—"Louise Nocturne."
Ditto "La Czarina Waltz."

VOCAL.

CHERRY, J. W.—"Away, vain dreams."
WRIGHTON, W. T.—"Thy voice is near."

DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.

PIANOFORTE.

LISZT, F.—"L'Etoile du Soir," from "*Tannhäuser*."

VOCAL.

BALFE, W. W.—"Fresh as a Rose."
LODER, G.—"This world is a Garden."
Ditto "In a Leafy Garden."
SMART, H.—"May," Duetto.
WEISS, W. H.—"The Knight's Vigil."

NEW OPERA OF AUBER AND SCRIBE.—Letters (private) from Paris speak in raptures of the music of Auber's new opera, now rehearsing at the Opéra Comique. The most gifted of French musicians is said to have exhibited all the vigour and freshness of his early or middle periods. A new masterpiece is confidently expected. The singers and the members of the orchestra are unanimous in their enthusiasm about the work. *Tant mieux.*

MUSICAL PITCH.—The depression of the musical pitch by a quarter of a tone, adopted in the Parisian orchestras, has now been put in practice, for the first time, in Germany, at Cologne. The Concert Society of that city have lowered the pitch of all the instruments of their orchestra, and the effect is said to be completely satisfactory. The stringed instruments have lost nothing of their sonority, and the change is found to be a great boon to the singers. London stands as much in need of reform in this respect as any place whatever. The inconveniences of the present pitch are loudly and generally complained of, and yet the attempt made last year by the Society of Arts to remedy the evil has apparently been allowed to fall entirely to the ground.—*Spectator.*

ON DITS.—M. de Morny is declared to be the composer of the last new operetta at the Bouffes; and a well-known ministerial writer is to be the subject of a forthcoming play, now being rehearsed, at the Français. Some people declare that the Count had a notion of conducting the orchestra as well, but that the house was not large enough to make the experiment worth while.

SUICIDE OF ONE OF CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The banjo player of the Christy's Minstrels, Thomas Lye, cut his throat on the 5th instant.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Wednesday, 16th January.

SINCE my last there has been an important *début* at the Grand Opera—that of M. Labat (formerly Professor of History at the Academy of Music), in the part of Eleazar, in the *Juive*. The attempt was an ambitious one, and it is not surprising if the result has not proved entirely satisfactory. M. Labat has undoubtedly a fine organ, but lacks both skill and experience in the use of it. His most successful efforts were in the more energetic parts, such as the trio in which the curse is pronounced. As a whole, however, the performance was weak. On the following evening the sisters Marchisio reappeared for the first time since their tour in the provinces. The opera was, as a matter of course, *Semiramis*, their celebrated duo in which produced the same electrical effect on the audience as when the exquisite blending of the sisters' voices, and the delicate precision of their execution, was a fresh sensation. I told you of the new measure which so handsomely regulates the emoluments of authors and composers producing works at the Imperial Opera. The artists have had no less reason to be pleased with the new order of things, in a financial respect, which inaugurates the new year. It had in the first instance been contemplated to present a new year's gift of 500 fr. to every one of the performers, dancers, and other artists engaged on the enormous establishment of the first lyrical stage in France; but Count Walewski, who is the Jupiter of the canvas firmament of the opera, has with great wisdom judged that a progressive increase of salary would be a more dignified form of expressing the Imperial appreciation of operatic performances, while an immediate saving to the coffers of the state would result by spreading the intended new year's gift over a period of five years, and reducing the future annual gifts by 100 fr. each year. Accordingly, from the 1st of January, the salaries of all the artists of the Grand Opera are to be raised 100 fr. every year for five years. *Apropos* of new year's gifts, Mlle. Emma Livry, the celebrated danseuse who has so recently achieved so remarkable a choreographic triumph in Mad. Taglioni's ballet, *Le Papillon*, has received from another potentate, the Emperor of Moneybags, M. Rothschild, a magnificent diamond brooch, which may now be seen nightly darting out its myriad scintillations from the panting bosom of Mlle. Livry, more especially in the *Valse des Rayons*.

At the Italian Opera they have been busy for some time getting up Verdi's new opera, *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Great expectations are entertained of the master's latest work, and a few nights ago Mad. Grisi and Signor Badiali sang several fragments from it at Rossini's house, which were pronounced fully worthy the genius of Verdi.

At the Opéra Comique M. Offenbach's new opera of *Barkouf*, whereof I gave you some account in my last, has, after a short suspension, during which it has undergone vigorous reduction, again taken its place in the bills, where, notwithstanding the galling fire of criticism which has been opened upon the composer and all his works, it will probably continue some little time longer. Meanwhile, the new opera by those glorious veterans and heroes of a hundred dramatic and lyrical victories, Auber and Scribe, is being busily got on with. Its title is to be *La Circassienne*, and it is reported on good authority to be on a par with the best works of the ever-verdant composer. Auber is the Palmerston of the lyrical stage, and, like him, has managed to keep ahead, of old time, and save his youthful elasticity from the old fellow's stiffening clutch. If any reader should here remark that Auber has made a special study of beating time, I shall not dispute the priority of so obvious a quibble with him, but will endeavour to trump him by observing that in like manner our prime minister, so long as he is minister, will never lose his prime.

There have been two novelties at the Bouffes Parisiens. One is an operetta by M. de St. Rémy, the libretto of which is by MM. Léon Halévy and de Serrière. It is entitled *Le Mari sans le savoir*, and the plot turns on a will, by which a certain Chamaroux, while away in the colonies, is requested to marry the daughter of the testator, who, the better to insure the execution of his last wishes, enjoins the said daughter to give herself out at once as secretly married to the individual in question. On returning to his native land, Chamaroux is surprised to find himself the

tenant of a new house, to which his confidential servant had removed his penates, placing them under the charge of the testametary Mad. Chamaroux. He finds himself too old to carry out his friend's dying request, but gets out of the difficulty by marrying the lady to his nephew, who, by this means, still continues to bear his name. The music of this trifle is, without being excessively original, lively and agreeable. M. de St. Rémy is not the name of any composer alive or dead; but beneath this appellation lurks an aristocratic personage, whose musical taste and ability are well known. The Count and Countess de Morny were present on the first night, and presented Mlle. Auber, who impersonated the heroine, with a handsome brooch. The second novelty at this little house is the long-expected diminutive opera by M. Offenbach, entitled *La Chanson de Fortunio*, the unequivocal success of which will compensate the composer for the adverse criticisms to which his late attempt at a higher stage was exposed. The subject is founded on Alfred de Musset's well-known song—

"Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Qui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais pour un Empire
Vous la nommer."

Fortunio is a notary, married, settled, and of grave reputation, so far as the present at least is concerned, for in his youthful days, when he was but a clerk, there are certain rumours afloat of his gallant exploits, and of the irresistible effects upon the gentler sex produced by his manner of warbling "Si vous croyez," &c. But all this is forgotten now, both by himself and others, and what remains of his youthful adventure is an intense suspicion of the designs of all who approach the female part of his household. Lothario married has become Othello, and there is admirable scope for the development of his jealous characteristics in the fact that his wife is excessively pretty, and his clerks, without exception, a set of unconscionable scapegraces. One in particular, young Valentin, attracts the suspicions of the notary by his insinuating respectfulness towards his mistress. Being excessively timid, however, Valentin would never have gone beyond sighing and secretly plucking roses to send his master's wife but for the suggestions of Friquet, a fellow-clerk, who disinters from among some old papers the famous song with which old Fortunio had done such execution, and inoculates the whole office with amorous designs. Friquet, to favour an interview between Valentin and Mad. Fortunio, gets the old notary out of the way by a trumped-up story, and on his return finds all his clerks at the feet each of a grisette, and singing the ditty of his youth. He grows more jealous than ever, but not without cause, for a window shortly opens, and a rose is thrown by the hand of Mad. Fortunio to Valentin. With this significant token of the success of the *chanson de Fortunio* the little piece ends. The whole tone of this trifle is thoroughly French, to use the word in its worst sense, but it is decidedly amusing in its bustling liveliness and gaiety. The part of Valentin was intrusted to a *débutante*, Mlle. Pfötzer, whose fresh and clear voice and natural expression, notwithstanding a certain "gaucherie" found favour with the public.

The theatrical news this week presents only one feature of importance, the production of a new comedy in five acts, by M. Emile Augier, it is entitled *Les Effrontés*, and though abounding in satire, has in its plot more the character of a drama than of a purely comic work. The principal parts are played by Madame Arnould Plessy, and MM. Samson, Provost, Regnier, Got and Delaunay. The Emperor was present on the first night, and waited till the name of the author was given out, heartily adding his quota to the burst of plaudits which greeted it. I must also mention another successful comedy, by the clever author of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, M. Sardou. It is entitled *Les Femmes fortes*, and was produced at the Vaudeville. The subject is American, and the author satirises Yankee manners, though one would think it scarcely necessary to cross the Atlantic for materials to indulge his caustic humour. To return to strictly musical affairs: Mad. Clauss Szavardy has just returned from a tour in Germany, where she has been triumphantly received. Touching Germany, the Hanoverian government has lately published a decree interdicting all encores, and even that substitute for the encore, the reappearance of the artist after he or she has quitted the stage, to acknow-

ledge the applause of the audience. No doubt very unseemly interruptions to the musical and dramatic progress of a work arise from this cause; but the rigorous prohibition in question will be felt as a hardship in many instances, especially at the Italian Opera. Roger is singing at the Royal Theatre there, but the edict just alluded to does not appear to have been put in force with respect to his performance, for I hear of his having been recalled as many as nine times during the *Huguenots*. At Augsburg there has been an operetta performed, the parentage of which is of the most singular character. The words are written by the King's procurator, and the music composed by the burgomaster, which is much as if the Attorney-general were to write an opera and the Lord Mayor supply the music. The title of this production is *Hans ist da. Anglicè, John is there.*

THE OPERA COMIQUE.

ITS ORIGIN AND PROGRESS.

SECOND PART.—NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 6.)

BEFORE proceeding with these biographical studies, and examining the works of those composers who have written for the Opéra Comique during the 19th century, I have to bring forth a few facts relative to the theatres in which these performances were given, and of which I have spoken hitherto only in a summary manner.

We have seen the humble cradle in which was nursed the *comédie à ariettes* at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent, which were held, the one in winter the other in summer. The fair of St. Laurent had been in existence for three or four centuries previously, and derived its name from the church of St. Laurent, near which it was established. It lasted, according to official regulations, for fifty days, that is, from the 9th of August, the eve of St. Laurent's day, to the 29th of September, but it was often extended to three months. The fair of St. Germain had originated in the 12th century. At first it was held only once in the year, but under the reign of Louis XI., in 1482, it took place twice a year. The date of its commencement was frequently changed. First it was on the 1st of October, then the 3rd of February, subsequently the 12th of November, and, lastly, in the month of May. This fair only lasted from a fortnight to a month. The Benedictines, however, to whom the ground belonged on which the booths were erected, sought to prolong its duration, and in this but followed the example of the Lazarists, who possessed the ground of the St. Laurent fair. In 1650 the notion came up of erecting theatres at these fairs, but before our Opéra Comique came into existence, there figured in them, puppets, menageries, giants and dwarfs, learned animals, conjurors and rope-dancers. It was not till 1678 that plays were acted in them.* In 1714, the widow Baron and the Sieur St. Elme entered into partnership, and their company called itself the Opéra Comique.†

In 1716, the Duke of Orleans had invited over some Italian comedians who had installed themselves in the Hotel de Bourgogne, and two years later, to add to the interest of their performances, he obtained a license to have plays acted in French by them. Meanwhile the success and renown of the *comédies à ariettes*, set to music by Darc, Monsigny and Philidor had so increased, that the court desired to hear them, but as etiquette forbade that any other actors than the comedians in ordinary to the king should play before their majesties, it was determined to unite the company of la Foire to the Comédie Italienne, and the new theatrical establishment was inaugurated by the performance of *Blaise le Savetier*, preceded by a prologue written for the occasion.

During passion week, the Italian comedians had permission to play at the fair theatre, and as this was the only theatrical performance going on at the time, their receipts were considerable.

* The title of the earliest known of these was *Les Farces de l'Amour et de la Magie*.

† The managers employed Le Sage to write for their theatre, and here it was that he produced his comedies, and among them *Turcaret*, his *chef-d'œuvre*.

In 1762, the share of each actor after Easter, was 11,500 livres, an enormous sum if we consider the period. In 1781, a new theatre for the Italian comedians was commenced building in the garden of the Hôtel de Choiseul, a plot of land of 1800 square toises being set apart for the purpose. "The new house," says Bachaumont, will stand isolated, "with an open space in front, and the city consents that the back part towards the boulevard shall be laid open, cleaned out and paved. In the side streets, to which the names of Favart and Marivaux are given, a footway will be formed for pedestrians, separated from the road by posts, at intervals of from five to six feet. Five streets in all will converge upon it, not counting a passage which will be provided for pedestrians." This house, to which the name of the Favart was given, was opened to the public on the 28th of April, 1783. Six years afterwards, on the 28th of January, 1789, a new company performing opéra comique, started as a rival to the united companies of the Foire and the Comédie Italienne, in the theatre of the Tuileries, under the title of the Théâtre Monsieur. This latter enterprise was transplanted to the Feydeau theatre on the 6th of January, 1791, where performances were given until 1798, when the theatre closed, the manager being a bankrupt. It re-opened, however, some time after, and the rivalry of the Favart and Feydeau theatres stimulated the production of an abundance of works, among which were, as we shall shortly see, several masterpieces. In April 1801, however, both theatres closed, and after one or two experiments, attended with varying success, an Imperial decree established in 1806 a special theatre for Opéra Comique to be located in the Feydeau theatre. In 1829, after the retirement of two celebrated singers, of whom I am soon to speak, Elleviou and Martin, the Opéra Comique was transferred to the Salle Ventadour, where several managers succeeded each other, who were not, however, very successful in their endeavours, and the enterprise was again brought to a close. The Opéra Comique again appeared at the Théâtre des Nouveautés in September 1832, a theatre which had previously been occupied by the Vaudeville company. But on the night of the 14th of January, 1838, the Salle Favart, in which Italian Opera was played, having caught fire and burned to its four walls, it was rebuilt according to the plans of M. Carpentier, and the Opéra Comique took up its residence there on the 16th of May 1840* and opened with *Le Pré aux Clercs*.

ELLEVIU.—MARTIN.

Elleviou and Martin powerfully contributed to the fame of the pieces played at the Favart and Feydeau Theatres. Their careers are so intimately bound up with that of the Opéra Comique that it would be vain to sketch their biographies before mentioning the works which they created, to use an expression recommended by usage rather than good sense.

ELLEVIU.

Pierre Jean Baptiste François Elleviou was born at Rennes on the 14th of June, 1769 (according to some biographers, on the 2nd of November in the same year). He was educated at the public school of Rennes, and was a schoolfellow of Al. Duval, the friendship existing between them, and which was strengthened by their theatrical success, having sprung up here. "Elleviou could, no more than myself, escape his destiny," says Duval, in the preface of *l'Oncle Valet*. "In spite of his father, who intended him to follow the profession of medicine, which was his own, he could not, as he would say in our secret confidences, *accustom himself to groping in dead bodies*. Our tastes, which were similar, had united us in the closest friendship. Whether or no my travels and a little better knowledge of mankind had taught me that the consequences of our vagaries might render us both miserable by provoking the anger of our families, I persuaded him to combat his inclination for the stage, and not to attend the theatres so assiduously; but in the midst of my solemn exhortations he would break in with some of the finest airs of Grétry, and I would at last answer him by some high-sounding tirade out of a tragedy. So uncontrollable was the demon which possessed us both, that the entire

society of our little town was thrown into commotion, that we might get them to play comedies and tragedies; and as we had been much encouraged by the actors whose company we frequented as much as was in our power, we had the double pleasure of believing ourselves far superior to our young comrades, and of laughing in our sleeves at the manner in which they declaimed the fine verses of Voltaire. Our parents, who were far from suspecting that our diversions would end by causing them a great deal of vexation, were proud of our attempts, and would willingly mingle their applause with that of their friends. These small successes only gave fresh encouragement to our first and cherished idea. It was only in the capital that a reputation could be made and glory won. But how get there? How evade the vigilance of our parents? This was what we succeeded in doing, however, both of us, though at different times. Elleviou, more impatient than I, was engaged as soon as he reached Paris by the manager of La Rochelle, but at the moment of his appearance an order from the intendant caused him to be arrested. He was taken to a tower which overlooked the public place; and every evening our scapegrace would treat the fair ladies of the little town with his songs, for all flocked to hear the troubadour medical student, who would laugh out like a madman as he sang,

'Dans une tour obscure,
Un roi puissant languit,' &c.

"His father soon made his appearance, and all was forgiven. He was received with open arms in our town, and feasts were held in his honour; and as soon as we met he recounted all his successes and mishaps, assuring me, at the same time, that he persisted in his intention to be received a doctor, but of the Italian Theatre only. He kept his word; for he no sooner arrived in Paris to complete his studies than he made his appearance at the Comédie Italienne, without ever having played in the country, and obtained the greatest success in the first line of characters. The public saw, from his very first appearance,* that this young man united, to the chief requisites of an actor, the mode of utterance and the delicacy of manner which betokened the good education he had received. I shall not speak of the reputation he has made in the career which he pursued; all Paris regrets he should have taken his farewell at an age when he might hope for another ten years of success. And I, more than any one, regret it, for I might have in writing for him extended still further my stock of pieces for the Opéra Comique."

HARMONIOUS VOLUNTEERS.—On Friday afternoon, 28th Dec., the No. 2, St. John's Company of the Queen's Westminster Volunteer Rifles was inspected and attested by Lieut.-Colonel Earl Grosvenor. This new company is composed exclusively of workmen in the employment of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, pianoforte makers. On the occasion in question it assembled in strong force, to the number of 128 men, under the command of its officers, Capt. F. Rose, Lieut. G. T. Rose and Ensign A. Black. After being attested, it was put through a variety of manœuvres, which, taking into account the short time it has been under drill, viz., seven weeks, were performed with great precision, and which elicited the warm approval of Earl Grosvenor.

HOBART TOWN.—The presence of an Italian Opera company in Hobart Town promises the lovers of the lyric drama an unwonted treat. Signor and Signora Bianchi have produced a great sensation in the musical circles of Sydney and Melbourne, where they have drawn during a long season, crowded houses. Both as a singer and an actress, the Signora is spoken of in terms of the most enthusiastic praise, her voice being described as magnificent, and her dramatic talents as of the highest order. Mr. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, and other colonial favourites are attached to the company. The opera announced for to-night is *Il Trovatore*, which will be succeeded by a musical *melange*, in which Mr. Winterbottom will perform some of his bassoon solos. No doubt a numerous and brilliant audience will attend the Theatre Royal to partake of this novel feast of song and sweet sounds.—*Hobart Town Puff*.

* Although another theatre, the Théâtre Lyrique, is playing Opéra Comique, I shall not speak of it, its establishment not coming within the range of time fixed for these papers.

* Which took place April 1, 1790, in the part of Alexis in the *Deserteur*.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Jan. 8, 1861.

THE race of hairy pianists is not yet extinct. A very fine specimen was caught last week, close to this city, in the act of torturing a grand. Like other undomesticated animals at this inclement season of the year, it is supposed to have been driven from its native haunts, and forced to seek the protection of civilised man. Every characteristic of the race was so fully developed in this particular instance, that there was not the slightest difficulty in its classification. The shaggy mane, the long, bony digits, the lanky, half-starved looking figure, the sallow complexion, and that peculiar maniacal, vacant stare, which makes the object of its gaze so truly uncomfortable. Those eyes once fixed upon you, and it's of no use trying to avert them; turn where you will, they follow you about with the most obstinate constancy.

If you smile in mild recognition of the thing which you suppose is looking at you, a demoniacal grin suffuses its countenance, and you are made positively nervous. What a relief when all those contortions are over, and the deafening sound ceases! The creature leaves his victim, whose inside has been terribly weakened by the thrashing, wipes his perspiring fingers, and declares himself completely exhausted. No wonder. One wishes he had been so long since, at least such was the case on the occasion in question, when this last found specimen of the race exhibited his skill. But from such a subject to matters more musical.

On Saturday, 5th, the Wiener Snger-Band gave a concert in the new Diana Saal, a handsome building lately opened, available for balls and concerts in winter, and convertible into a vast swimming-bath during the summer months. It is situate on the Leopoldstadt bank of the river, opposite Treumann's Theatre.

The hall is constructed of wood and iron, and in proportion is somewhat similar to that of St. James's. The prevailing colours of the decorations are white and green, against which some life-size portraits and pictures in fresco on each side of the arched ceiling and at either end have a gay appearance. Three massive gilt chandeliers, with innumerable jets of gas, afford a brilliant illumination. Along each side of the room, on the ground floor, and along the gallery, are twenty-four recesses, prettily furnished. During the dancing season these are used as eating-rooms; in summer the furniture is changed, and each recess elegantly fitted up for the accommodation of the bathers. The level of the centre of the room is some three feet lower than that of these recesses and the platform by which they are approached, an arrangement which prevents the dancers being disturbed by the promenaders. The entertainment on Saturday consisted as much of eating and drinking as of music; the latter did not begin until half-past eight, while the former had been going on since six o'clock. The eating-rooms were each occupied by a merry party, and in the centre of the hall were some eighty or ninety small round tables, every one of which was engaged. The singers themselves, members of a Liedertafel, seemed to devote more attention to their knives and forks than any other performance. According to German custom, the Snger-Band sang their part-songs at table, where they were supposed to have been dining or supping. The choir consists of some hundred male voices. They sang well, but certainly not better than any of the choral societies which we are accustomed to hear in England. During the evening some solos were sung by a Mlle. Gerhart, from Pesth, Herr Hirabaneck, and Herr Gunz, of the Krntnerthor Theatre, who volunteered their services. A certain Herr Boscovitz performed a series of extraordinary gymnastics upon the pianoforte, exciting the wonder, if not the admiration, of his audience. A recitation by a pretty little actress from the Burg Theatre completed the programme of the evening, after which smoking began, and the eatables and drinkables again attacked with renewed vigour.

At the Krntnerthor we have had three interesting performances during the past week, namely, Mozart's *Figaro's Hochzeit*, Wagner's *Hollnder*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*. The first-mentioned opera is here given without recitative, the dialogue being spoken. Herr Beck eminently distinguished himself both in this work and in the *Hollnder*, which latter *rle* he has made completely his own. In *Figaro's Hochzeit* the ladies Csillag, Wildauer, and Liebhart sang

and acted with great effect, and evidently enjoying the fun of the plot; they imparted their good humour and merriment to the audience, who relished it accordingly.

ANTEATER.

Letters to the Editor.

MAJOR AND MINOR MODE.

SIR,—The logical and well-written letter of your talented correspondent, Mr. W. C. Filby, should be read by every musician. I do not say I endorse every word of it, but it contains so much truth and evinces so much experience and intimate acquaintance with the subject, that its writer should at least be entitled to the thanks of all professors.

Still I cannot altogether agree with Mr. Filby's somewhat utopian theory of discarding all connection between a major and its relative minor, and *vice vers*, as I consider that many fine progressions would thereby be lost. Would Mr. Filby dare to use a triad on the mediant with an *augmented fifth*? If he would (for I do not fancy he can be a man who would set forth a principle and not adhere to it), I must say that I think he is wrong, and that the relative major chord would be far preferable.

His theoretical arguments on the construction of the scale are admirably correct, but I question if what he calls the synonymous principle will stand the test of practice and everyday use.

Please give this a place in your excellent paper and oblige

Yours obediently,

DOMINANT.

IRONY.

SIR,—You were good enough to insert a few lines in your valued paper of the 29th ult., in which I pointed out the sort of criticism one gets in this town where music is concerned. Your correspondent, M. de Lavigerie, triumphantly assures your readers that M. Vieuxtemps is a VIOLINIST!!! Surely, M. de Lavigerie, despite his name, is of that race concerning whom Sydney Smith averred that nothing less than "a surgical operation could get a joke into their heads." But, an he be a true Gaul, I beg to refer him to Johnson's dictionary for the word "Irony."

AMATEUR.

THE ALHAMBRA.

SIR,—As I take a general interest in musical matters, I paid a visit a few evenings since to the Alhambra Palace, and although the arrangements, musically and otherwise, are certainly very satisfactory in the main, I could not but be struck with the great want of taste which could sanction the use of such a *vile piano*. I feel assured that so bad an instrument would not be tolerated at any third-rate music hall, and therefore hope that Mr. Tully's attention need only be called to this (in these musical days) grievous oversight to have it at once replaced by one worthy of the establishment.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

HURDY-GURDY.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—(From the London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*.)—Take another sample. Behold that æsthetic establishment, the Crystal Palace, which was to have crystallised the whole cockney community into "one entire and perfect chrysolite," purging it of all coarseness, and rendering us at any rate like the flies in amber, a deuce of a wonder how we got into such a medium of pellucid purity. It was to be the grand educational institution of the epoch and of the earth; addressing the mind's eye through the corporeal sense; a manufactory of omniscience for the million at a shilling a head, and twopenny buns for three halfpence; refining, elevating, exalting the crowd into a condition of transcendental ecstasy with mental nutriment and unexceptionable ham-sandwiches; begetting an ardour for the fine arts which would be unappeasable anywhere but in this astonishing glass house, which covered plaster of Paris casts of all Greek sculpture, and gambouged copies of all Italian painting, and fac-similes of every representable phenomena in all creation, except the directors, who were too precious to be reproduced in any other substance than brass and lead, the first for the physiognomy, the second for that part of the anatomy which surmounts the human

face divine. Well, contrast present performances with past promise. At this moment the daily journals groan, in more senses than one, with enormous announcements about the Palace, such as Wombwell, the peripatetic menagerie man, has too much respect for his kangaroos to put outside his caravan, and the late Mr. Richardson would have hesitated to placard them on his booth the last days of the saturnalia of Bartholomew Fair. These advertisements minutely narrate, in the most classic English, that certain clowns "will tell the drollest stories and sing the funniest songs," and that all sorts of jack-pudding gymnastics will be gone through, such as a small mayor in a small town would deem it derogatory to the intellect of his Little Pedlingtonians to be asked to tolerate on a market day. Our old friends, the Pig-faced Lady, and the Learned Pig, and Miss Biffin, and Fire King Chabert, and the Singing Mouse, and the Whistling Oyster, and the Talking Fish, were clearly born before their time, like other precocious characters. They should have waited till the latter moiety of the highly-cultivated nineteenth century was ten years old, and then they would have been appreciated as they deserved by the eminently competent judges who preside at the great conservatory of popular instruction at Norwood. Moreover, they would have justice done to their merits by encomiastic and analytic journalists in columns' length; so that the Industrious Fleas, for instance, would have been treated as though they were a herd of hybrids between megatheriums and mastodons.

Advertisements.

S. T. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON
(49TH OF THE SERIES),

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21, 1861,

On which occasion the celebrated Violinist,

M. VIEUXTEMPS

(Who has been expressly engaged for these Concerts),

Will make his Second Appearance in London, after an absence of Eight Years.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quintet, in C major (Beethoven), M. VIEUXTEMPS, HERR RIES, M. SCHREURS, Mr. WEBB, and Signor PIATTI. Song, "The Quail (Beethoven), Mr. TENNANT. Trio, "Ave Maria" (Schlässer), Mme. LOUISA VINNING, Mme. LAURA BAXTER, and Mr. TENNANT. Song, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Handel) Mme. LAURA BAXTER. Suite de Pièces, containing the "Harmouious Blacksmith," for Piano-forte solus (Handel), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART II.—Sonata for Piano-forte and Viola (Vieuxtemps), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, and M. VIEUXTEMPS (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts). Song, "The First Violet" (Mendelssohn) Mme. LOUISA VINNING. Trio, "L'Addio" (Curschmann), Mme. LOUISA VINNING, Mme. LAURA BAXTER, and Mr. TENNANT. Trio, in D minor, for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello (Mendelssohn), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIEUXTEMPS and Signor PIATTI (By unanimous desire).

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co., Hammond, Addison and Co., Schoit and Co., Ewer and Co., Simpson, and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradbury's, London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; Chidley, 195 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside, Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader and Co., Olliver, Campbell, Hopwood and Greave, and Willis, Bond Street; and CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (in consequence of its continued success), **QUEEN TOPAZE.** Principal characters by Misses PARERA and ALLESTREE; Messrs. SWIFT, PATEY, BERRYMAN, TENNANT, and SANTLEY. Concluding with the Children's great pantomime of **HARLEQUIN AND TOM THUMB.** The gorgeous scenery and transformations by Beverley. Harlequin, Clown, Pantaloon, and Columbine, by the celebrated Lauri Family. Sprites by the Arabs. Doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7 o'clock. Notice.—Sims Reeves will make his reappearance in his favourite character of Robin Hood on the 5th of February. In active preparation, a new grand original opera, by W. V. WALLACE, entitled **THE AMBER WITCH.** Principal characters by Mr. Sims Reeves, PATEY, SANTLEY, FANNY HUDDART, and Mad. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5. Grand Morning Performance of the children's Pantomime of **TOM THUMB** to-day (Saturday), commencing at 2 o'clock, in which the celebrated Rochette Family will appear.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH. THIS EVENING (Saturday) Her Majesty's servants will perform the new comedy, entitled **THE ADVENTURES OF A BILLET-DOUX.** The new grand Comic Christmas Pantomime of **PETER WILKINS.** Scenery by Beverley. The opening by Blanchard. Produced under the superintendence of Robert Roxby. Harlequins, Mr. Cormack and Mr. St. Maine; Columbines, the Misses Guinness; Pantaloons, Mr. Naylor and Mr. E. R. Martin; Clowns, Mr. Huline and Mr. R. Power, and a little one in by Young Huline; Sprites, by the celebrated Lavator Lee Family. Reduced prices as usual. Open at half-past 6; commence at 7 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN will very shortly appear. Full particulars will be given forthwith. A Grand Morning Performance of the Children's Pantomime, **PETER WILKINS**, every Wednesday, commencing at 2 o'clock.

Birth.

On the 5th instant, at Argyll Lodge, Wimbledon Common, the wife of **OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, Esq. (Mad. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT)**, of ason.

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the **THE MUSICAL WORLD** is established at the Magazine of **MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor).** Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in **THE MUSICAL WORLD** must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of **MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.** A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in **THE MUSICAL WORLD.**

To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in **THE MUSICAL WORLD.**

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

THE result of the forthcoming performance of the *Messiah* at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Friday next, is not likely to be imperilled for want of strong and frequent recommendation. The following paragraph, apparently "official" (*"communiqué?"*)—our readers know what that means—has appeared in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and other contemporaries:—

REHEARSAL OF "THE MESSIAH" AT ST. PAUL'S.—Yesterday evening there was a rehearsal under the dome of St. Paul's of the oratorio of the *Messiah*, which is to be performed on Friday, the 25th instant, before the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church and State, in aid of the expenses which have been incurred in the recent cathedral restorations, and the purchase of the splendid new organ, for which the dean and canon have no available caputal revenues. Mr. John Goss, the organist of St. Paul's, conducted the rehearsal, most of the band and chorus, which will consist of 600 performers, being present. The orchestra has been placed in the south transept in front of the new organ, which has been erected for the special Sunday evening services, charitable festivals, and other special occasions. The powers of the new instrument were last night amply tested, and showed that a sound judgment was displayed by Sir Gore Ouseley, Precentor Webber, and the other gentlemen to whom the task of recommending its precise location was entrusted. The Dean of St. Paul's, the Archdeacon of London, and other gentlemen, who attended the rehearsal last night, expressed themselves highly satisfied with its results, and it was announced that a full rehearsal with the band, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Blagrove, will take place next Wednesday evening. Several of the great City companies have liberally subscribed towards the Cathedral restorations and the purchase of the organ, but there is still a considerable deficiency, which it is confidently expected the receipts from the forthcoming performance will cover.

Not to enter further into the speculations advanced by us last week as to the adaptability, or non-adaptability, of the

south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral for the purposes of a musical performance, we must ask—how does it happen that in all that is stated respecting the organ, no mention whatever is made of the builders, nor one word ventured as to whence and in what manner the instrument was procured? We have already hinted that the "new organ" was once the property of Mr. E. T. Smith, into whose possession it came when he purchased the Panopticon, re-christened by him "the Alhambra," and that he very recently parted with it to the Dean of St. Paul's for the use of the cathedral. We may now add that the organ was originally built for the Panopticon, by the eminent manufacturers, Messrs. Hill. Why the committee of the Festival should withhold these facts from the public, it is difficult to make out. That the organ is one of the finest ever constructed in this country, everybody admits who has heard it; and what the *Musical World* thought of it when first exhibited in Leicester-Square, may be ascertained by reference to Mr. Henry Smart's interesting, masterly, and elaborate article written at the time. The "sound judgment displayed by Sir Gore Ouseley, Precentor Webber, and the other gentlemen to whom the task of recommending its precise location was entrusted," is therefore unquestionable.

Possibly the committee shrank from the acknowledgment that the organ, in every way (if their judgment may pass) so admirably adapted to the cathedral, had been originally built for the lay purposes of miscellaneous concerts, &c., and were unwilling to disturb the sacred self-gratulation of the subscribers, who considered they were aiding in the purchase of an orthodox (and maiden) instrument. At all events, it was unnecessary to withhold the names of the manufacturers, which would reasonably have given rise to suspicion, even had we not quietly broached the question. Another point is worth considering. An organ prepared for and exactly suited to the Alhambra is not inevitably the kind of work (however great a work *sui generis*) for a building of so wholly different a nature as St. Paul's.

MR. BUNN is no more; and, whatever effect the announcement may have on youthful and impressionable "Arlines," we do not mind saying that in our opinion, "hollow hearts" ought to "wear a mask;" for which reason the mask is appropriate enough to the Harlequin of an English pantomime, who as the author of an excellent article on "Pantomimes" in the second number of *Temple Bar* remarks, "has dwindled into an inane dancer and posture-maker, with no more humour than a barber's pole." We are told, however, that such was the power possessed by Carlin (the celebrated French harlequin) of impressing his audience that "it was common to find yourself fixing your eye-glass at the black senseless pasteboard, and fancying you were watching an endless succession of comical expressions upon it." But we are not going to write an article about theatrical masks, from those of the Greek tragedians downwards—though the subject is far from being a despicable one; all we propose to do is to tell two or three anecdotes about masks, one of which will perhaps interest the author of the before-mentioned paper on "Pantomimes" in *Temple Bar*. In the pantomimes of Italy, and, until the end of the last century, in the *ballets* of France, all the typical characters seem to have worn masks; but we fancy (after reading the lines hinted above concerning Carlin) that pantomimists may have adopted them, or at all events retained them, not for any poetical reasons, but simply for the sake of having an additional diffi-

culty to overcome. If Carlin had not worn a mask, Fleury would doubtless have found it impossible to believe that any actor could impress his audience as he did without depending in the least upon the play of his features. Thus the pasteboard face, which to an indifferent pantomimist must always be an obstacle in the way of complete dramatic expression, was to Carlin, aiming at this complete dramatic expression, no obstacle at all; but, negatively, a means of triumph.

But to our anecdotes. The part of Harlequin then was never played without a mask, except for a short period in 1685, at an Italian Theatre, where the celebrated Angelo Costantini was engaged. This popular tragedian having consented to appear as Arlecchino, was called upon by the public to "throw off the mask," that it might still be delighted by the play of his admirably mobile features. When Costantini returned to tragedy, the actors who replaced him as Harlequin, re-assumed the mask, and it has never since been laid aside.

Anecdote the second. When Rameau's opera of *Castor and Pollux* was revived in 1772 at the Académie Royale de Musique, Apollo's *pas seul*, which occurs in the fifth act, was to have been danced by Gaetan Vestris, who represented the fair-haired Phœbus with an enormous black wig, a mask, and a copper sun on his breast. Something, at the last moment, prevented Vestris from assuming his old part, and Maximilien Gardel was asked to replace him. Gardel consented, but only on condition that he should appear in his own natural hair (which was of an appropriate golden colour), without any of the ridiculous attributes which until then had been considered inseparable from the costume of Apollo, and, above all, without a mask. This innovation met with the approbation of the public, and from this moment the mask was abandoned by all the principal performers in ballets, though for some years afterwards those Coryphées still kept to it who represented Winds, Shades, and Furies. The masks of the Furies were as hideous and terrible as they could be made; those of the Shades were perfectly white; those of the Winds had a puffed-out appearance, as though the winds were blowing, and were about to "crack their cheeks."

Some of our readers must have seen M. Scribe's *ballet* of *Manon Lescaut*, in which three of the most celebrated French dancers of the eighteenth century (Miles. Sallé, Camargo, and Petitpas) are introduced in the divertissement. In this *ballet* within a *ballet* the principal characters, in strict accordance with the terpsichorean traditions of the Académie Royale, are rivers, shepherds, followers of Bacchus, &c. These personages, however, are shown to us in *Manon Lescaut*, of which the action takes place somewhere about 1750, without masks, whereas it was not until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards that the custom was introduced of appearing in ballets unmasked and in natural hair. Indeed, we find, from the accounts of the first performance of Beaumarchais's and Salieri's opera of *Tarare*, that the Winds, in the divertissement of that work, still wore the old-fashioned masks; and *Tarare* was not produced until 1785.

THE lovers of the ballet will learn with deep regret that the fascinating, and accomplished Mlle. Marietta Pocchini expired at Rome a few days since. The melancholy event, as communicated on Wednesday last by the Turin correspondent of the *Times*, who received the intelligence by electric telegraph from Rome, is stated to have occurred shortly after the lady's confinement. Mlle. Pocchini had

been married about twelve months to Signor Borri, the ballet-master, who accompanied her last year to England. Further particulars have not reached us. The correspondents of the other London journals from the various Italian States are entirely silent respecting the death, which is somewhat strange, as such an occurrence, one would have thought, must have created the most profound sympathy in all quarters. We fear, however, that there is no likelihood of any error on the part of the telegram, as it would answer no purpose whatsoever for anybody to fabricate such a calamity.

Marietta Pocchini was certainly the most remarkable dancer among those who had been of late years before the public. She was the legitimate successor of those bright particular stars that constituted the galaxy of talent which belonged to the palmy days of the ballet. By the side of Taglioni, Fanny Cerito, and Carlotta Grisi, she would have retained her lustre, and commanded her share of favouritism. In the celebrated "*Pas de Quatre*," which some twenty years since exercised so powerful an influence over the destinies of Her Majesty's Theatre, she would have formed the most fit and brilliant adjunct to the glorious trio above named—and this without any attempt to underrate the very rare accomplishments of Mlle. Lucile Grahn. In the terpsichorean hemisphere Pocchini was a star of the first magnitude. Her talent was of the highest order; her appearance was striking; her grace consummate. Indeed, in the last quality no dancer we saw ever surpassed her, and few approached her. The sensation she created four years ago, when she first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, was extraordinary, although the ballet then had long declined; and the manager, consulting the popular taste, did not deem it requisite, even with so incomparable an artist, to endeavour to restore its lost prestige. To the decline of the ballet, whatever others may consider, we are inclined to think the falling off in popularity of the opera is in a great measure to be attributed. The taste for dancing, we are aware, is reckoned by many exceptional; and some even go so far as to assert that the ballet is an offence against morality. With extreme opinions we do not pretend to enter into conflict; but how an art, which necessitates youth, beauty, shapeliness, lightness, agility, grace, ease, propriety of motion—to say nothing of the higher requirements of expression and imitation, which, to be true, must be poetical—can be regarded as a mere bodily exertion, or, at best, a gymnastic feat of strength or activity, we are at a loss to explain. The poetry of motion has been recognised from the earliest ages, and its professors accepted as educational teachers. It remained for English Puritanism to decry what Nature had originated and Art had idealised and made perfect.

The ballet, nevertheless, has had strenuous supporters in this country, and, although in imminent danger from the attacks of false religionists and self-styled purists, with such artists as Marietta Pocchini to revivify its glories, and with managers of greater faith than Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith, might have stood a good chance of resuscitation and re-establishment on the operatic boards. The most brilliant light, however, is now extinguished, and there is less hope than ever that the ballet will recover its ancient splendour and magnificence.

If, nevertheless, we are to give credit to Parisian rumours, and to accept the judgment of Parisian journalists, a new candidate for terpsichorean honours has started up lately at the French Opera, likely to eclipse all existing reputations. The name of Mlle. Emma Livry is not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Musical World*. Our own Correspondent

from Paris has descanted freely on her merits, and noticed her performances frequently. The new *danseuse* is a pupil of the Taglioni, who, it would appear, has taken extraordinary pains in her education, and composed a ballet expressly for her, to introduce her to the Parisian public. The ballet, entitled *Le Papillon*, achieved a triumph, and Mlle. Livry has been lauded to the skies. Such a success, indeed, has instigated the director of the Royal Italian Opera—no enthusiastic admirer of dancing, we may presume—to offer her an engagement, and Mlle. Emma Livry will make her *début* at Covent Garden, next season, in the ballet written expressly for her by Mlle. Taglioni. The manager of Her Majesty's theatre has sustained an irreparable loss; the manager of the Royal Italian Opera may obtain an unprecedented success; but the lovers of the ballet have yet to learn whether Mlle. Emma Livry can supply the place of Marietta Pocchini.

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY is dissolved. The particulars next week.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—(From the *Moniteur Universelle*).—To return to the *reprise* of *Guillaume Tell*, which has inspired us with the foregoing reflections, we must acknowledge that, if the execution was not at all points irreproachable, at least the text and the traditions of the *chef-d'œuvre* have been faithfully respected. Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio sang the part of Mathilde in its integrity. She gave the famous air "*Sombres forêts*" with supreme taste, a grand style, an infinite charm, and finished it with a magnificent and ingenious cadence. After the duet with Arnold, in the restored scene of the third act, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. In fine, all the music was given with rare elegance and refinement; and Rossini, who had made her rehearse every note, would have been enchanted with his pupil, if his health had permitted him to attend the performance. They related to him the plaudits, the bravos, the recalls, and all the episodes of this triumphal evening. He replied that he was in no wise astonished, that he had no fear on Mlle. Marchisio's account, and that the same success would await her everywhere. With respect to his own music, he said with an air and with a tone that no one but himself could render, that he was not sorry that this *rococo* music had still some partisans.

LEIPSIK.—Herr Schachner, the well-known pianist and composer, is at present at Leipzig superintending the rehearsals of his oratorio. This work, of which the libretto has been prepared by Herr Geibel, the popular German poet, and whom our musical readers will remember as the author of the libretto of Mendelssohn's *Lurlei*, is founded on passages in the Old Testament, relating to captivity of the Israelites in Babylon. The first performance of Herr Schachner's oratorio is fixed for the 12th instant. A contemporary writes:—"The last evening performance in the Conservatory before the holidays was very interesting. The following is the programme:—Concerto for violin, Mendelssohn (1st movement), by Mr. Albert Payne, of Leipzig (an English gentleman); fugue for piano, in E minor (Op. 35), Mendelssohn, by Mr. Franklin Taylor, of Birmingham; air from *Semele*, 'Awake, Saturnia,' Handel, Miss Rosamund Barnett, and concerto for piano-forte, in F minor, Chopin (last two movements), Miss Clara Barnett, of Cheltenham. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, formerly holder of the Mendelssohn Scholarship, played the wind instrument parts of the concerto on a piano, and conducted the song from *Semele*. The pieces were one and all admirably performed. It is gratifying that the children of one who has deserved so well of the cause of music in England as Mr. John Barnett has done should give such rich promise of future excellence."

L'AFRICAIN.—It is now decided that this long-expected *chef-d'œuvre* (we may as well anticipate what may be the public verdict) is retained for the opening of the new opera-house in Paris, about which there is at present so much interest.

AN OLD SHAKESPEARE.—A "first folio" of Shakespeare is said to have been discovered in Germany, and purchased by a London bookseller.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

M. VIEUXTEMPS, the foremost representative of the Belgian school of violin-playing, and one of the most accomplished performers of this or any other time, made his first appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts at the 48th concert of the series and second of the third season, on Monday night, when he led the quartets and took part, with Miss Arabella Goddard, in a grand sonata for pianoforte and violin. St. James's Hall, as might have been expected on such an occasion, was crowded in every part, and the warm reception accorded to the great violinist must have been as gratifying to himself as his performances were gratifying to the audience. It is a good many years since M. Vieuxtemps has been heard in this country, but little or no change in his talent is observable. His tone, always remarkable for breadth and richness, combining the two important elements of quantity and quality, is, if possible, grander than ever. Certainly no instrumental artist has been able to boast a more magnificent "voice" as a medium of display. Every note is full, sonorous, and telling, no matter what the rapidity, no matter what the difficulty of the passage or phrase in which it occurs. On the other hand, in the matter of execution M. Vieuxtemps is now just what he has been throughout his public career—viz., irreproachable. More faultless mechanism it is impossible to imagine. With such a solid foundation for manual skill the mere chance of a failure seems out of the question; and this, joined to an intonation scarcely less unerring and sure, invests the playing of M. Vieuxtemps with what may be termed a *satisfactoriness*, which, never leaving the ear an instant in doubt, allows no incident to disturb its entire sense of enjoyment. Then the sweeping and majestic "bow-arm" (to be slightly technical) brings out a volume of sound as uniformly equal as harmonious. It has been suggested that M. Vieuxtemps gives forth *too much* tone; but this is, in our opinion, merely a charge invented to extricate hypercriticism from dilemma. Where the tone is so legitimate there cannot, one would think, be "too much" of it, more especially as with M. Vieuxtemps it is never in any instance forced or abused, but invariably musical and pure. The magical dexterity of the left hand, which the most elaborate contrivances are unable in the slightest degree to perplex, thoroughly responds to the indications of the right, and completes the mechanical perfection of the whole. In his style M. Vieuxtemps belongs essentially to that celebrated Belgian school of which he is justly the most renowned disciple. Some may esteem it redundant in the artifices of expression, occasionally laboured, and here and there overdrawn. But every original style has its peculiarities; and as an Italian would give a different reading to many parts of the sonata of Beethoven introduced on Monday night, so a German would still more widely differ from both, while an Englishman, with the eclecticism which forms part of his nature, would, supposing him able to cope with the great masters of the "bow," combine the excellences and in all probability the defects of the three. M. Vieuxtemps can no more be arraigned for being a Belgian than M. Sainon (the only existing great master in a school which is no school at all) for being a Frenchman, Signor Sivori for being an Italian, or Herr Ernst, Herr Molique and Herr Joachim for being Germans. Artists of the highest class, with the stamp of individuality upon them, should be accepted in good faith, idiosyncracies and all; and as M. Vieuxtemps is indisputably what our friends on the other side of the Straits term an "*artiste hors ligne*," we must not stop to question his manner of "interpreting" the classical composers, even though at times we may feel disposed to dissent from it. That his style is as essentially attractive as his execution is superb was proved on the occasion under notice by the enthusiastic plaudits that greeted every one of his performances. The following was the instrumental part of the programme:—

Quartet in D minor (strings)	Schubert.
Prelude and fugue in A minor (pianoforte)	Bach.
Sonata in C minor (pianoforte and violin)	Beethoven.]
Quartet in E major (strings)	Haydn. —

The above selection, engaging enough on the strength of its intrinsic excellence, was doubly so inasmuch as not one of the pieces had previously been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. Schubert's quartets, like his orchestral writings, are only

now beginning to be known, and the triumph achieved last night by the one in D minor (generally recognised as the "posthumous") would seem to show that the audiences at these entertainments are either more musical or less inclined to regard everything from one particular point of view, and measure everything by one particular standard, than the audiences of the Musical Society of London, where the orchestral symphony in C major (recommended long ago by no more contemptible authority than Mendelssohn himself to the Philharmonic directors) was listened to last year with an impatience trenching on discourtesy. Doubtless the admirable execution of M. Vieuxtemps and his companions (Herr Ries, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti) had a good deal to do with the success of the quartet in D minor; but, independently of this, we are inclined to believe that the ingenious and fanciful variations of the slow movement, the fire of the *allegro*, the quaintness of the *scherzo*, and the evidence apparent throughout the entire work of the influence which Beethoven—in whom Schubert acknowledged the most inspired master of the art—had exercised over the mind of his young and ardent contemporary, would have roused the sympathies of a less musical audience than that of Monday night, even if M. Vieuxtemps and Signor Piatti (who more than ever showed his right to be esteemed first among violoncellists) had not been there to exhibit all the beauties of the composition in the most favourable light. That the instrumental works of Schubert are not to be jauntily dismissed is incontestible; and that they are capable of interesting vast audiences may be surmised from the foregoing.

Schubert died in 1828, Bach (the Bach—John Sebastian) in 1750, nearly half a century before Schubert was born. It might, therefore, have been thought that the prelude and fugue coming immediately after an imaginative work like that of Schubert, written probably a hundred years later (the quartet in D minor was Schubert's last), would place the venerable Cantor of Leipsic in an awkward predicament. Not so, however. Although one of the longest, most elaborate, most mechanically intricate and difficult to execute of all his compositions, the prelude and fugue in A minor is one of the most animated and irresistible pieces ever written. In the fugue especially—a kind of *prestissimo* movement in the *tarantella* style, as impetuous and vigorously sustained as that of Mendelssohn in the so-called "Italian Symphony"—although rigidly respecting the laws of contrapuntal design. Bach has fairly thrown aside the wig, and given the reins to his fancy. It is almost impossible to believe that such a display of exuberant vivacity could be made under such exceptional conditions; but so thoroughly had the old master possessed himself of the secrets of his art, that the strict form of writing had become to him a natural language—in short, his habitual mode of expression. Thus, with infinite facility, he poured forth a *tarantella* in the shape of a fugue; and the difficulty to even an attentive hearer is to believe that he is really listening to a fugue. The result of Miss Arabella Goddard's irreproachable performance surpassed what might have been expected; and "the most intellectual of musicians"—as Bach has been styled by some half-thinkers, who would make us believe that his imagination was as dull as his intellect was keen—was received with the honours that are never denied him at these genuine and healthy entertainments. Prelude and fugue were heard with unabated interest from one end to the other; and the pianist, being unanimously summoned back, returned to the platform, though, with commendable discretion, she declined to repeat the fugue, which the numerous worshippers of Bach among the audience were clamorous to have once more.

Perhaps the most signal success of the evening was achieved by the sonata of Beethoven in C minor, for violin and pianoforte (M. Vieuxtemps and Miss Goddard), that gorgeous masterpiece which musicians prefer to the more universally famous one dedicated to Kreutzer—and if prodigal richness of invention, combined with a splendour of imagination hardly surpassed even in the C minor symphony, be taken into account, with good reason. M. Vieuxtemps performs this sonata in a style so individual that it can be likened to the reading of no other great violinist who has essayed it in this country. Conception, manner of phrasing, taste, and general execution are peculiar to himself and to the school of which he is the most brilliant living disciple. The audience were enchanted with the whole; each of the four move-

ments was followed by a burst of approbation; and at the conclusion both performers were recalled, the hall literally "ringing" with the applause. Haydn's delightful quartet, one of the most genial inspirations of one of the most genial of composers, played to perfection, brought this most admirable entertainment to a termination with appropriate spirit, and confirmed the success of M. Vieuxtemps, whose engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts promises to be as advantageous to the conductors as it is acceptable to the musical public.

Before the commencement of Haydn's quartet, Mr. Benedict addressed the audience in a speech as sensible as it was brief. The habit in which many persons thoughtlessly indulge, of quitting the room while the performance is going on, has long been a nuisance at St. James's Hall, as it has been a nuisance at the concerts of the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies. Mr. Benedict, however, respectfully requested that those who were not anxious to remain till the end would leave either before the quartet began or between any two of the movements, so that those who wished to hear the whole might do so without interruption or annoyance. The consequence was that out of the vast audience assembled, only a very few took their departure, and "Papa Haydn" was honoured with the decorous attention so justly due to his merits.

In a programme where the instrumental music acts so conspicuous a part, the vocal department naturally occupies a secondary place. The selection last night, however,—accompanied by Mr. Benedict, with his accustomed taste and skill—was extremely good. The "Maiden and the River," by Mr. Benedict himself, a song of high poetical merit, and the unambitious but not less beautiful ballad by Mr. Henry Smart, entitled "Come back to me," Mozart's pathetic air, "The very angels weep" ("Selbst Engel Gottes weinen," according to the original text), and Mendelssohn's plaintive and ever welcome "Suleika"—the first two sung by Miss Lascelles, the last two by Miss Augusta Thomson, all four artistically and with true feeling—were the vocal pieces, against which the only charge that can be preferred is that they were too uniformly grave considering the serious character of most of the instrumental music, which but for the cheerful and happy quartet of Haydn, and the *Tarantella* "danced" by old Sebastian Bach (ordinarily the gravest and most sedate at any musical party), would have scarcely afforded one glimpse of merriment. Mr. Arthur Chappell should remember that music is not "all tears," and that five or six long pieces in the minor (or melancholy) mode are a little too much for a single evening, and likely to dismiss such among the audience as are inclined to sentiment moping rather than exhilarated.

The Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In justice to a meritorious artist, and in contradiction of an injurious statement made last week by a contemporary, we feel bound to state that the real reason that Mr. Swift was unable to undertake the part of Mamio, in *Il Trovatore*, for which he was announced, was a domestic affliction of the severest nature. Mr. Swift has this week reappeared in his character of Raphael, in Massé's *Queen Topaze*, with his usual success.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. Balfe's new opera, *Bianca*, which has been withdrawn during the early representations of the pantomime, was reproduced on Thursday night, to the evident gratification of a large audience. The length of the entertainment has necessitated several excisions in the work, and as these have all been effected with discretion, the opera gains considerably by the operation. For instance, the exhortation of the monks at the end of the first scene; the air given to Malespina in the second; and the song of Fortespada, which resembles so strongly "When the fair land of Poland," are all now omitted, to the manifest improvement of the work. The pruning-knife, perhaps, might, not disadvantageously, have been made use in one more instance? The scena for the Duke in the third act, "O, crown of power," might be cut out, with no worse effect than that of depriving Mr. Lawrence of his only solo. The first representation of *Bianca* could not easily be improved upon, and we noticed the work at

length so recently that we need not again enlarge upon its excellences. We cannot say that Miss Louisa Pyne sings better than when the opera was first produced a month ago, for that would be impossible; but she certainly seems imbued with fresh animation and energy at each successive representation. Mr. Harrison appeared to be suffering from the effects of a cold, but he nevertheless infused so much expression into the ballad, "Once more upon the path of life," that it was honoured with an encore; and his impersonation of the brigand has lost none of its striking effect. Mr. St. Albyn has made the small part of Beppo so conspicuous by his dancing, that his name next occurs to the mind; and Mr. H. Wharton, Mr. H. Corri, and Mr. Lawrence, all sustained their former characters with their usual success. Miss Thirlwall was as admirable as she always is. The grouping of the choristers was careful and effective, and the orchestral accompaniment was executed, under Mr. Mellon's direction, with such accuracy and dash as must have ensured the success of works infinitely inferior to *Bianca*. That Mr. Balfe's last opera is already a favourite with the public cannot be doubted. The large theatre, on Thursday night, was well filled—in some parts, indeed, inconveniently. The applause was constant, and there were frequent demands for the repetition of *morceaux* which have at once seized the popular taste.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* on the 11th inst. was not the most admirable we have heard from the society. The chorus, however, left but little to be desired. Since last season considerable changes have been effected in the orchestra, the position of many of the instruments having been altered, and a considerable number weeded out of the chorus. This no doubt has given offence to many of the old hands, who have been members ever since the formation of the society, and after giving their services so long, felt themselves aggrieved at being thus dispensed with. Nevertheless we cannot but feel that such proceeding was necessary, as the Sacred Harmonic Society has achieved a position of the highest importance, and in order to hold that position, to sustain the credit of the conductor, and to keep pace with the advanced musical taste and knowledge of the present day, some step of the kind was bound to be taken, for there is no doubt that among the seven hundred not a few were more or less ineffective; and as inefficiency and perfection are antagonistic elements, and it must (or should be) the aim of the society to attain the latter, we must repeat our conviction that M. Costa has done wisely in rejecting those not thoroughly competent for their work. Not that the chorus can yet be considered as absolutely perfect, weakness being manifested more than once on Friday evening. "Fallen is the foe," for instance, where the sopranos were sadly wanting, and in other cases where something was left to be desired. The tenors and basses would be excellent, but for their tendency to loud singing; indeed the sopranos are not sufficient in strength to balance the male voices, and were at times all but lost in the full choruses. The brass too, again, was frequently overpowering, and made one wish occasionally that some of the "additional accompaniments" had been omitted. Turn we now to a far more agreeable task than that of fault-finding. Our pen runs much more glibly when awarding praise, and to the soloists upon this occasion the highest is due. The beautifully clear and powerful voice of Mad. Weiss was heard to the greatest advantage, and the three principal airs, "O Liberty," "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flatter," were given by that lady in the most finished and musician-like style. Miss Banks is one of the most steadily rising soprano singers of the day, and each season exhibits the most gratifying progress. Possessed of a voice of the sweetest quality, flexible to a degree and always in tune, her singing invariably affords pleasure, and well as her first air, "Pious orgies," was delivered, the second, "So shall the lute," was still better, and elicited a spontaneous and hearty burst of applause—the regulations notwithstanding. To Mad. Laura Baxter fell but little, but that little was well done, due effect being given to the air "Father of Heaven," and her voice telling well in the concerted pieces. To Mr. Montem Smith, who sang the part of Judas, we must give a word of commendation for the courage and talent he displayed in one of the most arduous tenor

parts in existence. To Mr. Lewis Thomas was allotted the bass music, in which he displayed his accustomed excellence, "Arm, arm, ye brave!" and "The Lord worketh wonders" being delivered with all the requisite energy and expression. The Hall was well filled, although not so densely crammed as we have seen it. For the next performance the *Creation* is announced, and as we hear of nothing in the shape of novelty in preparation, we are led to conclude that the directors of the Sacred Harmonic think it wiser to trust to the half dozen works which have done service with such regularity for so long a time past, than to follow the examples of Birmingham, which gave us the immortal *Elijah*, or Norwich, which has so recently produced one of the best modern oratorios from the pen of one of our most accomplished musicians—we need hardly name Herr Molique's *Abraham*.

Provincial.

THE second concert of the Birmingham Musical Union, which took place at Dee's Hotel, on Tuesday evening, the 8th instant, although inferior in interest to the first, was undeniably good, and drew a very large attendance. The programme is worth citing:—

Concertino, violin, with string accompaniments (Spohr); Song, "Deh vieni," (Mozart); Sonata, No. 1, Op. 12, piano and violin (Beethoven); Chamber trio, piano and strings (W. S. Bennett); Trio in E flat, Op. 1, No. 1, piano and strings (Beethoven); Song, "Bear it together," (Irish); Solo pianoforte; Quartet in D, No. 93, Op. 12 (Haydn).

The executants were Messrs. Barnett and Duchemin (pianoforte), H. and G. Hayward (violin), and Aylward (violoncello). Mr. Barnett played the pianoforte part in Professor Sterndale Bennett's trio, which seems to have been greatly admired, the *Daily Post* expressing its opinion, that "the music, without aiming at the ideal of Haydn and Mozart, is full of character and interest, and, notwithstanding an occasional Mendelssohn reminiscence, thoroughly original." Miss Gray—the young lady, we presume, who last year made so successful a *début*, at St. Martin's Hall, in the *Messiah*—sang both the songs named in the programme with entire success, notwithstanding her evident nervousness. Mr. Barnett executed two solos on the piano—one, a prelude by Mendelssohn, the other, a caprice by Professor Bennett.

We learn from the Manchester papers, that the adjourned meeting of the Manchester Glee and Choral Union was held on Thursday evening (the 3rd inst.), in the School-room, Peter Street. The regular *soirée* was announced to take place, last evening, in the Mechanics' Institution, David Street. The Glee and Choral Union, by the way, is the only organised body of professional singers in Manchester—a fact not easy of credit in so large and art-boasting a city. Thanks to the energy and activity of the conductor, Mr. William Spark, the Society is progressing favourably. The present engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Payne terminated on Monday. It appears that the talented "entertainers" are about to pay a visit to America, "with the object," as wittily suggested by the *Manchester Times*, "of preventing the threatened disruption of the Union through their genial humour." The first of the Monday Popular Concerts was given in the Free Trade Hall, on Saturday evening, with eminent success. The receipts exceeded 150*l.*, and the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. We have received several other communications from the provinces respecting the success of the Monday Popular Concerts, but as these reiterate merely what appeared in our last number we need not reproduce them. One article from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser*, however, is so apt in its remarks that we present it *in extenso*:—

"It has often been discussed whether instrumental or vocal music hold the higher position in the world of art. By instrumental music we of course mean orchestral symphonies, quartets, quintets, sonatas, &c. By vocal music, such works as cantatas, masses, operas, oratorios, &c. Now it is by no means easy to determine which is the superior, or which of these two forms of music offers the greater opportunities and facilities for the expression of the musician's thoughts and feelings. Lamartine, in one of his works, argues at some length in favour of the superiority of instrumental music; and this opinion is entertained, we believe, by

a great number of musical authorities. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to imagine higher manifestations of the musical art than are to be found in the nine grand symphonies of Beethoven, or in the 17 violin quartets, and the 32 pianoforte sonatas by the same composer; to say nothing of the instrumental works of Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and others, the form and proportions of the symphony, quartet, or sonata (for they are all constructed on the same model), are better adapted to the development of a great musical idea than that of any other species of composition. However, it is certain that whatever musical authorities or literary men may have said, the public taste has hitherto run in favour of vocal music, or, perhaps, we should rather say, in favour of the vocalist; for the public flock to hear the singer quite irrespective of the music he or she sings. Now this adulation of a voice merely, acts most prejudicially to the cause of music, and is, besides, most unfair to the instrumentalist. There is no question that, as a rule, the instrumentalist stands much higher in the matter of musical education than the vocalist, and it is well known that public singers are not unfrequently but imperfectly acquainted with the very first principles of music. A comparison of the attainments of the two will set the matter in a clear light. Let us suppose a singer to be endowed with a naturally good voice, two or three years' moderate application will be sufficient to qualify him either as a public performer or private teacher. He will have to cultivate his voice, a process requiring great care and delicate treatment. When not occupied in this way, he will be employed in acquiring a slight knowledge of the pianoforte, or an acquaintance with the Italian language. As soon as his voice becomes developed and under control, he will be ready to accept engagements; and if he should have a tolerable share of confidence and a strong pair of lungs, he will probably become a public favourite and command good terms. On the other hand, take a pianoforte player. He must have worked assiduously for many years—probably from his childhood, to have acquired the necessary flexibility and strength of finger—he must be acquainted with the works of Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and all the host of modern composers. If he be also an organist, he is supposed to be well acquainted with the works of the English Church composers, from Orlando Gibbons to the last new anthem—in short, the entire range of Church music for the last 300 years. Again, if he be engaged as an accompanist, he will be expected to understand the style and manner of the modern Italian Operatic School, and to know the necessities and requirements of the singer, and will probably have, at the last moment, a request to transpose the song a note higher or a note lower. In addition to all this, he must understand the theory as well as the practice of music—harmony, counterpoint, instrumentation, and be able to read from score. This is not a fancy sketch. We have no hesitation in saying, a very large number of the organists and pianoforte performers in this country come fully up to this standard. Now, we will not stop here to comment upon the relative amount of pecuniary support which these two classes of musicians obtain from the public. We have all heard of the extravagant terms obtained by some of our leading vocalists, and we also know that, as a consequence, musical speculations with popular singers frequently, we might say usually, end in disastrous failure and loss. But if the injudicious and excessive patronage awarded to the vocalist be injurious to the interests of the art, what have we to say of the support given to those nondescript entertainments in which a black face seems to be the only necessary qualification? The musical portions of the entertainment are generally of the poorest kind, such as would elicit no approbation were the performers to appear with clean skins—the histrionic attempts are painful to witness, and the libretto, or dramatic part of the entertainment, is usually made up of threadbare jokes and the latest importations of American slang. There is, however, another side to the picture. Within the last two or three years instrumental music has begun to assert its dignity and importance. Formerly it was only at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London that the large instrumental works of the great masters could be heard. But although these concerts were always patronised by the reigning sovereign, the aristocracy, and the wealthy class of musical amateurs, yet certain restrictive regulations, and the excessively high charges for admission, completely excluded the general public. No attempts were made in other quarters to provide a similar kind of entertainment for the middle classes. It was argued that the mass of the public was incapable of appreciating the abstruse works of the great composers; that to comprehend and enjoy them they demanded a power of concentration and analysis which the majority of musically uneducated persons did not possess. The late M. Jullien was one of the first to solve this problem, and with what success our musical readers well know. A Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn night was a frequent occurrence during his annual series of winter concerts, and a crowded house was always the result of the experiment. The New Philharmonic Society in London

followed in the same path. The latest, and perhaps the most daring attempt to test the capacity of the public for the appreciation and enjoyment of the highest class of instrumental music was made by Messrs. Chappell and Co., when they instituted the Monday Evening Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, London. The violin quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, &c., were, to the generality of even musical persons, sealed books. Now, however, an audience of more than 2000 persons may be seen every Monday evening at St. James's Hall listening with the deepest attention to one of the later quartets of Beethoven, or some other masterpiece by one of the great composers. It must be remembered, too, that these persons do not reside in proximity to the Hall, but come from the suburbs, two, three, or four miles, to hear these works. We are glad to find that Messrs. Horn and Story have made arrangements for a concert at our New Town Hall to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, upon the same plan as the Monday Popular Concerts. Of the artists engaged for this occasion it is quite superfluous to speak. Three greater performers than Vieuxtemps, Piat, and Charles Hallé, on their respective instruments, could not be found in Europe. We remember, some time since, asking one of our best English violinists which of all the great performers on the violin he considered the greatest. His reply was, 'Vieuxtemps, unquestionably.' The programme, also, is admirable. The quartet, No. 6, Op. 18, by Beethoven is well suited to the broad and grand style of Vieuxtemps. The prelude, &c., by Seb. Bach, for the violoncello, is a wonderful performance, by Piat, and the pianoforte sonata by Beethoven, will be, in the hands of Mr. Chas. Hallé, a treat of the highest order. In addition to this, we have for the vocal department Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss. This is perhaps the first time that long instrumental works of a high character have been given in Newcastle; and we sincerely trust that the experiment may be as successful here as it has been in London, and that the public of this town may not be found far behind, in matters of taste, that of the metropolis."

At Liverpool the first of the Monday Popular Concerts was given on Friday evening in last week, but the audience was not so large as was anticipated. "The directors of these concerts," writes the *Liverpool Albion*, "deserve every encouragement in their endeavours to improve the taste of the people, giving them first-class music at very low figures; but such, unfortunately, scarcely ever take with a Liverpool public." This is not very complimentary to the taste of the Liverpudlians, and hardly true, we venture to assert. It does not follow that because the first of the Monday Popular Concerts did not draw a large crowd that the second will not do so. The journal just quoted appears to think that a necessity exists, even in Liverpool, for the establishment of the same kind of music. "These concerts," it writes, "belong to that class of which it may be said we cannot have too many; and we trust the Philharmonic Society may favour us with many such during the season." A performance on the grand organ of St. George's Hall was given on Thursday evening by Mr. W. T. Best. The following selection was played:—

Overture, *Nabucco*, Verdi; Adagio (E major), Lefebure Wely; fantasia on old English airs, W. T. Best; choral march, "Crown ye the Altars,"—*Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven; Reminiscences of the Opera, *Semiramide*, including the cavatina, "Bel raggio lusinghiero;" the chorus, "Belo si celebra;" the duet, "Giorno d'orrore;" and the March of Priests, "Ergi omai," Rossini.

A CORRESPONDENT from Weymouth informs us that Mr. Ricardo Linter, the pianist and composer, inaugurated a series of popular concerts at a popular price. The first attempt was made on the 28th of December, and the programme consisted of a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Weber. The vocal illustrations were given by Mrs. Ricardo Linter. As an entirely new feature, a sketch of the origin and history of the compositions of the masters was read by Mr. Rowland Brown, a Dorsetshire poet, whose discourse, interspersed with quotations from Milton, Shakspeare, Shelley and Tennyson, was greatly appreciated by the audience. This attempt of Mr. Ricardo Linter to improve the musical taste of the Weymouth public proved a great success. The entertainment was repeated on Monday evening.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—A lecture on Mendelssohn and his works was delivered on Thursday evening last by Mr. Alfred Gilbert at the Architectural Gallery, 9 Conduit Street. The illustrations were selected to exhibit

Mendelssohn's peculiarities of style in music for the church, the chamber and the theatre. The vocal music was exceedingly well given by the following members of the "Arion" Choir. Miss Fosbrooke, Miss E. Gresham, Mad. Andrea and Miss Boden, Messrs. Belton, Belgemaun, Milne Haughton and Layland. The chamber music was particularly attractive, consisting, besides some vocal music, of No. 6, B flat, of the *Lieder ohne Worte*. The three last movements of the trio in D minor, and the two last of the sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello, in which Mr. Alfred Gilbert was ably assisted by Mr. Louis Diehl, a young violinist we hope soon to hear again, and by Mr. Daubert, the well-known violoncellist. Mr. W. C. Filby was the accompanist.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Woodin's new entertainment, the *Cabinet of Curiosities*, is constructed on a principle which is at once ingenious in itself and fitted to display his versatile power to the fullest extent. The four parts into which it is divided are named after the four seasons of the year, each of which is illustrated by a set of typical characters. Thus, for instance, Spring has its public dinners and its Derby Day, the latter of which compels Mr. Woodin to split himself into a perfect mob of eccentric figures; Summer takes us to the seaside; Autumn carries us over Ireland, Scotland, and the Continent; and in Winter we worship our metropolitan Lares. These phases of the year are exhibited in dresses scarcely to be numbered, and in changes of countenance and dialect not to be numbered at all. The "Derby Day" is most remarkable for rapid transitions, and, as one instance of a perfect make-up, there is a belle attired in the fashion of 100 years ago, with powder and patches, who may fairly be considered a rival to the modern young ladies so conspicuous in the *Olio of Oddities*. But, perhaps, the most novel scene is one that represents an altercation between two gentlemen of opposite tempers and complexions, who sit in adjacent boxes at a London eating-house. By an ingenious mechanical contrivance, these gentlemen show themselves in such quick alternation, and are so completely different in appearance, that one can hardly avoid believing that they are two personages, instead of one, Mr. Woodin. In the art of changing his dress this clever "entertainer" has never been excelled, or even rivalled. Scarcely has he quitted the stage attired in the most elaborate costume than he interrupts the applause of his audience by reappearing at his table in the normal black suit, whence or how nobody knows. As usual, his entertainment terminates with an imitation of several popular singers and actors; and it is illustrated throughout by some very pretty scenes.

THE HULLAH FUND.—The first concert, under the direct auspices of the committee of the Hullah Fund, will take place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening January 29th. Mr. Benedict's new lyrical legend, *Undine*, and other orchestral works of importance (vocal and instrumental), will be the principal features; all the best orchestral artists in the profession will take part in the performance. The whole of the musical arrangements are under the direction of Mr. Benedict.

MOLLE. EMMA LIVRY.—Mr. Gye has engaged this new terpsichorean celebrity, about whose remarkable merits the Parisian papers are so unanimous, to perform at the Royal Italian Opera, in the new ballet by Taglioni, entitled *Le Papillon*, recently produced with such success at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—M. Alfred Musard, director of the well-known Summer Concerts in the Champs Elysées, has engaged the large Music Room in St. James's Hall for a series of promenade concerts, to be held during the month of February every night in the week, except the Mondays, which Mr. Arthur Chappell, with his Monday Popular Concerts, judging from the present aspect of affairs, intends appropriating to himself during the greater part of the spring and summer.

BRENTWOOD.—A correspondent informs us that a concert was given on the 31st of December, in aid of the local Band Fund. The artists engaged were Miss Annie Cox, Mrs. Robert Paget, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Alexander Thornley. Pianoforte, Mr. Simpson, organist of Shoreditch Church. The band, which has only been organised some three or four months, played several pieces very creditably, under the baton of their excellent military bandmaster.

DON GIOVANNI PURIFIED.—A stir has been of late made in Germany to improve, purify, and re-arrange the words of Mozart's *Don Juan*, which, as every lover of that master-work knows, is anything but satisfactory. A new text, with corrected stage-directions, has been put forward by Baron Alfred von Wolzogen—and yet another new text, by Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, has lately been published. The former we have examined, and find it, in every respect, an improvement on the old one. Of course, there will be pedants who will raise the easy and effective cry of "Sacrilège!"—but we only wish that more efforts of the kind were made by competent persons, willing to efface themselves in an ungrateful labour, with a view of being of service to the art. Nevertheless, our German friends, who hold with us that such amendment is reverential rather than otherwise, will, for aught we know, raise a cry against us when we add, that some of the elegance vanishes from the music of this master-work with the Italian words.—*Athenæum*.

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Second Concert. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1st. To commence at half-past Eight. The programme will include "HOLYROOD," a cantata (first time of performance). Words by HENRY F. CHORLEY, set to music by HENRY LESLIE. Principal parts sung by MRS. LEMMON-SHERBORN, Miss PALMER, Mr. WILFRED COOPER, and Mr. WISS. The Orchestra will be complete in every department. BENNETT'S CAPRICE, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniment. Pianoforte, MISS CAZALY. Mendelssohn's 43rd PSALM, for an eight-part choir, &c.—Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Persons subscribing are entitled to one extra ticket for this Concert. Subscriptions 21s. and 10s. 6d.
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HERR MAURICE NABICH begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has returned to town for the season. Communications to be addressed to 3 Grove Terrace, Grove Road, Forest Hill.

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T. MAUSS.

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